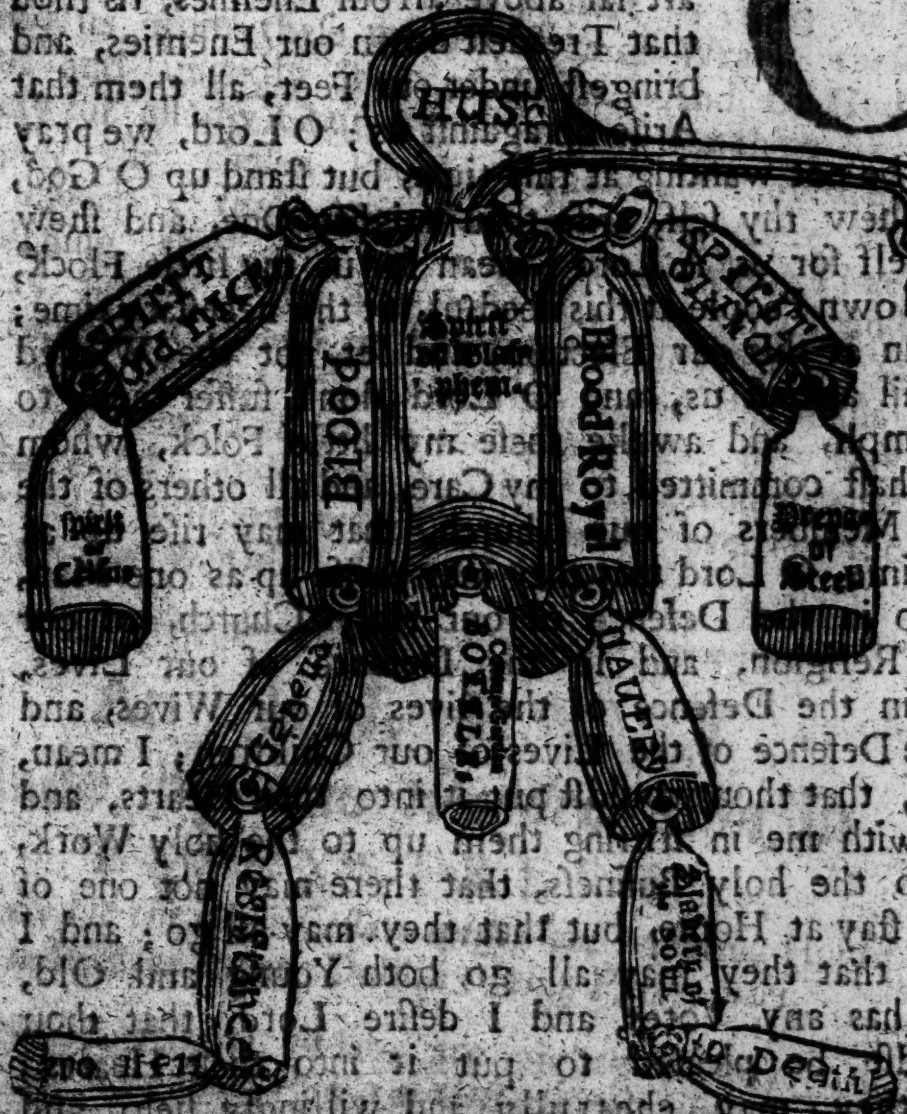
THE PRAYER

Old *Plodder*, a *Presbyterian Teacher*,

During the late Election at *Lancaster*,

In the County of *LANCASHIRE*.



Geneva Printed, for the Instruction of the *Elect*, 1733.

The Prayer of old Plodder, *&c.*

Winking with his Eyes, and ſhaking his Head, begins thus.

O LORD, who art the God of our Lives, that art a preſent help in Trouble, thou art far above all our Enemies, 'tis thou that Treadeſt down our Enemies, and bringeſt under our Feet, all them that Ariſe up againſt us; O Lord, we pray thee be not wanting at this time, but ſtand up O God, and ſhew thy ſelf, ariſe thou mighty One, and ſhew thy ſelf for us, A Lord I mean for us thy little Flock, thine own People at this needful, at this neceſſary time; I mean at this our Election, and let not the Wicked prevail againſt us, and O Lord don't ſuffer them to Triumph, and awake theſe my little Folck, whom thou haſt committed to my Care, and all others of the true Members of our Church, that may riſe up at this time, O Lord that they may Ariſe up as one Man, to go in the Defence of our Holy Church, of our holy Religion, and in the Defence of our Lives, and in the Defence of the lives of our Wives, and in the Defence of the Lives of our Children; I mean, Lord, that thou wouldſt put it into their Hearts, and join with me in ſtirring them up to the holy Work, and to the holy Buſineſs, that there may not one of them ſtay at Home, but that they may all go; and I deſire that they may all go both Young and Old, that has any Votes, and I deſire Lord, that thou wouldſt be pleaſed to put it into their Hearts; that they may chearfully and willingly help and

aſſiſt

aſſiſt one another in this neceſſary Affair, and that thoſe that have no Horſes, may borrow of them that have Horſes, and that thoſe that have may lend Willingly and not Grudging unto them that has none. Likewiſe I pray that thoſe that have no Money, may borrow of 'em that has Money, and that they that have Money, may lend unto them that has none; and I pray that they may all go willingly, and with a chearful Mind, to Vote for good *Sir Henry*; he's a good Man, he'll ſtand by us, he'll protect us; nay he'll defend us from theſe wicked Sons of Wrath, theſe unjuſt and ungodly Sons of *Beliel*. And O God, I pray for all thy Church and People, for thine own People, thy choſen People, wherever they are: but eſpecially thoſe who are moſt likely to receive a Bleſſing, that are not negligent at this Time. I Pray for all, both for thoſe that are gone, and for thoſe that are to go, and for thoſe that are in the Way. O that a bleſſing may attend them, that a bleſſing may accompany them, and that they may be ſucceſsful; and that by their Endeavours, that our Holy Religion may be preſerved even to the End of the World, *Amen and Amen.*

An ELEGY Made by the *Wooden-Man* in ESSEX-STREET.

Dedicated to the Wine-Cellars under the Meeting-Houſe *in* Euſtace-ſtreet, Dublin; *being Pariſhioners.*

SINCE *Elegies*, of late, are mighty Strains,
That flow from *Poet-tat-tick little Brains*;
And few Die, Now, but what muſt be in Faſhion,
Why ſhould not I be Moan'd by dull Oration?

I, who have *Here* been fixt, and some Years stood,
As Stiff and Stanch, as any piece of Wood.
'Tis true, I'm in Derision held by some,
Because they take me to be Deaf and Dumb:
And tho' I stand now Dead, to all perceiving,
I once was in the number of the Living;
But, Now, (*as Others*) may in Time grow Rotten,
I'll some Thing say, that I may'nt be forgotten.
Because most Poets *now, do Write for Self*,
My *Funeral Song, I'll Dictate for Myself*.
As for my Funeral, Let it *Indian* be,
And I the *Pile*, for to Conflagrate me:
Let none, for this my Choice, at me Admire,
My *Predecessors*, did this way Expire:
By *This*, we never wanted any *Mourners*,
Or *Figures*, to adorn our *Shrine*, at Corners.

All I desire is; *First to Ashes burn*,
Then set my Ashes be put in an Urn,
And let the Maid some Water on 'am pour,
Perhaps they'll serve her Dishes for to Scour.
As for my EPITAPH, (*say all you can,*)
It can't be said, —— *Here lyes the Wooden Man*

But under Ground, here's to be found,
Enough for Memory;
That Huddart's *Wood, at his Door stood,*
Himself in Effegy.

FINIS